

# A GRATULATORY VERSE Upon Our late Glorious VICTORY OVER THE DUTCH,

By the Author of *Icer Boreale*.

**G**Out ! I conjure thee by the powerful Names  
Of *CHARLES* and *JAMES*, and their Victorious  
Fames,  
On this great Day set all thy Prisoners free,  
(Triumphs command a Goal-Delivery)  
Set them all free, leave not a limping Toe  
From my *Lord Chancellors* to mine below ;  
Unless thou giv'st us leave this day to dance,  
Thou'rt not th'old Loyal Gout ; but com'st from *France*.  
'Tis done, my grief obeys the Sovereign Charms,  
I feel a Bonfire in my joints, which warms  
And thaws the frozen jelly ; I am grown  
Twenty years yonger ; Victory hath done  
What puzzled Physick : Give the *Dutch* a Rout,  
*Probatum est*, 'twill cure an *English Gout*.

Come then, put nimble Socks upon my Feet,  
They shall be *Skippers* to our *Royal Fleet*,  
Which now returns in dances on our Seas,  
A Conqueror above *Hyperbole's*.  
A Sea which with *Bucephalus* doth scorn  
Lesser than an *Alexander* should be born  
On her proud Back ; But to a Royal Rein  
Yields foaming Mouth, and bends her curled Main :  
And conscious that she is too strait a stage  
For *Charles* to act on, swell'd with Loyal Rage,  
Urgeth the *Belgick* and the *Gallick* shore  
To yield more room, Her Master must have more.  
Ingrateful Neighbours ! 'twas Our kinder Isle,  
With her own Blood, made Your *Geneva* Stile  
Writ in small Print [ *Poor States and fore perplex* ]  
Swell to the [ *HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS* ] in Text ;  
And can ye be such Snakes to sting that Breast,  
Which in Your Winter gave you Warmth and Rest :  
*Poor Flemish Frogs*, if Your Ambition thirst,  
To swell to *English* Greatness, You will burst.  
Could You believe Our Royal Head would fail  
To nod those down who fell before our Tail :  
Or could Your *Amsterdam* by her commands,  
Make *London* carry Coals to warm her Hands :  
A bold Attempt ! Pray practise it no more,  
We sav'd our Coals, yet gave you Fire good store.  
It is enough ; The righteous Heavens have now  
Judg'd the grand Quarrel betwixt us and you.  
The Sentence is — The Surface must be ours,  
But for the bottom of the Sea, 'tis yours :  
Thither your *opdam* with some thousands, are  
Gone down to take possession of your share.

Me thinks I hear great *Triton* sound a Call,  
And through th'affrighted Ocean summon all  
His scaly Regiments, to come and take  
Part of that *Feast* which *Charles* their King doth make,  
Where they may glut Revenge, quit the old score,  
And feed on those who fed on them before,  
Whom when they have digested, who can find  
Whether they're fish, or flesh, or what's their Kind ?  
*Van-Cod*, *Van-Ling*, *Van-Herring* will be cry'd  
About their Streets ; All Fish, so *Dutchify'd*.  
Their States may find their *Capers* in their Dish,  
And meet their *Admirals* in Butter'd Fish,  
Thus they'll imbode, and encrease their Crew,  
A cunning way to make each Dutch-man Two.  
And on themselves, they now must feed or fast :  
Their *Herring Trade* is brought unto its *Last*.

## To the KING.

**G**reat Sir, Belov'd of God and Man, admit  
My Loyal zeal to run before my Wit,  
This is my Pens miscarriage, not a Birth ;  
Her haste hath made her bring blind Puppies forth.  
My aims in this attempt are to provoke,  
And kindle flames more Noble, by my smok ;  
My wisp of Straw may set great Wood on Fire,  
And my weak Breath Your Organs may inspire.  
Amongst those Flags y'have taken from the Dutch,  
Command your *Denham* to hang up his Crutch.  
He is a Man both of his Hands and Feet,  
And with great Numbers can Your Navy meet.  
His quicker Eye Your Conquest can survey,  
His Hand, *Tork's* Temples Crown with flourishing Bay,  
*Waller* (great Poet and true Prophet too)  
Whose curious Pencil in Rich Colours drew  
The Type of this grand Triumph for your view,  
(The Fishers (like their Herrings) bleeding new)  
With the same Hand shall give the World the lights  
Of what it must expect when *England* Fights,  
That Son and Heir of *Pindars* Muse and Fame,  
Your Modest *Cowley*, with Your Breath will flame,  
And make those *Belgick Beasts*, who live, aspire,  
To fall Your Sacrifice in his pure Fire.  
He shall proclaim Our *JAMES* great *Neptun's* Wonder,  
And like a *Jove* Fighting in Clouds and Thunder.